

THE HEART OF A MYSTIC

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POEMS

BY

W. ROBERT HALL

Author of
"Gropes of the Unknown," etc.

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THE HEART OF A MYSTIC

THE INMOST

I N sunlight there is other Light
That falls upon the inner sight ;
And in that other Light dwells One
More radiant than the bridegroom Sun,
More tender than the Moon of night.

In music Music dwells, unknown
To outer sense, a spirit-tone
To thrill and charm the inward ears
Of the rapt listener, who hears
The inmost voice of Love alone.

Red roses richer Roses hold,
And lilies purer Lilies fold,
While in each inner blossom blooms
Love that the secret soul perfumes
And Beauty that shall ne'er grow old.

And children the Christ-child enshrine
In whom God's Love-thoughts burn and shine.—
Yea, He is clothed with all the grace
Of light and sound and flower and face,
And makes His garments pure and fine!

THE INNER SHRINE

SHUT off from so much beauty by these mists
That outward living damp,
Yet at our very centre there persists
The burning of Love's Lamp!

To worldly vision ever unrevealed,
It burns and shines within,
Our nobler Life with Christ, in God, concealed
Beyond the power of sin.

All winds are lulled before that Shrine they reach,
Night cannot pass the door,
While from the pure, unflickering Flame Love's
speech
And speechless music pour.

We speak with Love, and Love with us ;
Love shines, a very Sun,
And we, like Moons, shine back on Him, and thus
Are Man and God proved One.

ONE OF TADDEO GADDI'S FRESCOES
AT ASSISI

THE trembling arms of Simeon make a rest
For happy Baby Jesus, whence the Child
Turns laughing to His Mother, Mary mild,
Who half repents she let Him leave her breast,
Holds out her hands, eager for their dear Guest,
As though beyond them all was cold and wild,
And softly chides : " How could'st Thou be beguiled
From my encircling love, Thy warm, safe nest ? "
Ah, Mother of Sorrows, this thy Babe, upgrown,
A Man of Sorrows, one dark day will find
Himself in rougher arms than Simeon's !
Soldiers to a hard Cross will nail and bind
Thy Jesus.—*Now*, however, thy sweet Son's
As safe in Simeon's bosom as thine own.

A DOOR INTO HEAVEN

WIDE spaces filled with sunshine and blue air
Content me not to-day ;
So down I kneel before a flower fair
And enter Heaven that way.

I gain a larger world by that low door
That opes in the green sod,
Splendid and boundless spaces to explore,
The Love-filled Home of God.

TREMBLING AND BURNING

“I tremble and I burn ; I tremble, feeling that I am unlike Him ;
I burn, feeling that I am like Him.”—S. AUGUSTINE.

WE tremble and we burn ;
Shudd'ring when we behold
Such dross amidst our gold,
But burning with great joy
To find no dross can turn
Our gold to base alloy.

We tremble when we mark
The black and creeping root
From which we grow. The brute
We sprang from crawls again
Out of the ancient dark,
Over the man to reign.

We burn, hearing the voice
Of the young god within
Who treads upon our sin,
As Christ upon the waves,
In triumph ; we rejoice
Knowing the Truth that saves.

We tremble and we burn !
When snarls the low self we
Tremble appalled ; but He,
The Love-self wakes, the Christ,
In flaming joy to spurn
The things that once sufficed.

OUR CENTRAL REST

ON the high hills, the sea, from star to star
And o'er the devious ways
Of our uncharted soul His journeyings are,
But in our heart He stays.

The world without, His Garden ; that within,
His very Home and Nest !
And we, too, turn from wandering to win
With Him our central Rest :

Turn to that inward Heaven of which His face
Is sunshine warm and clear,
His Heart our Home, His tender Father-Grace
Our vital atmosphere.

THE SLEEPING CHRIST

EVER the same wave-thunder in my ears,
Ever the self-same terror on my eyes,
But in my soul's boat He who never dies,
Sleeping, maybe, amidst the storm of fears,
While at the helm sits feeble will and steers,—
Sleeping, yet *here*, and therefore my wild cries
Futile and foolish as the babe's who lies
Beneath the Face he cannot see for tears.
Sleeping, but not for ever! He will wake
From His calm slumber in a little while
And, calling from within His Heavenly powers,
Charm the curv'd billow just about to break,
Into the moveless mirror of His smile,
The shining of the Heart of God to ours.

THE LIGHT

EARTH-TORCHES beckoned and I left the Sun
To follow trails of luring lessening light
Till I was caught in meshes of the Night
And saw the dwindling gleams die one by one.
Then round and round me rays of darkness, spun
By death, were fastened quick ; I had no might
Or wit to escape—an insect in its flight
Caught in a web—despairing and undone.
Then on me turned the Christ, the true Sunshine,
And burst the entangling horror with a glance
Like a June splendour breaking through a cloud.
The hideous death fled hellwards, eyes askance
On Love victorious, who cried aloud :
“ I am the Light of every man, and thine ! ”

“ CANST THOU BY SEARCHING FIND
OUT GOD ? ”

SEARCHING, I could not find Him, He
Hid in blue space ;
Soaring, I met the lightning, missed
Light of His face ;
Baffled, I fell, and found His arms
My resting-place.

DISSOLVED PEARLS

THAN Egypt's dusky Queen more lavish far,
Imperial Night dissolves her fairest star
In the red wine of Dawn, for me to drink
From heaven's crystal cup, on whose blue brink
Is froth of gold :
And yet so thirsty I, I think
My soul could drain more Life and Love than earth
or heaven can hold !

The moon-lit olive garden, and the mound
Shaped like a skull, gloom-curtained and cross-
crowned,
Yield richer Wine than Morning's radiant cup,
A Wine in which a Pearl is swallowed up,
Divinely priced.
Gladly my thirsty soul will sup,
Eternally content with all the Life and Love of
Christ.

NIGHT

ON all a peace past understanding rests ;
The leaf-buds dream upon the boughs above,
And no wind rocks the downy cradle-nests,
While o'er the breathing world broods Mother-Love.

Within my soul-nest folded wishes sleep,
And weary, callow hopes lie slumbering there
Beneath the wings of Love, where they did creep
At set of Sun : may all their dreams be fair !

UNANSWERABLE

THEY cannot take from me my Lord with all
Their prejudiced research in musty tome
And manuscript ; my bosom is His home,
And my heart beats the faster at the call
Of His Heart, cheering me as He cheered Paul
On his brave journey to death-haunted Rome ;
His hand grasps mine amid despair's black foam ;
His eye reproaches when in sin I fall.
More real He than friend or wife or child :
Yea, and more dear ! What though the deaf
dispute
My Music, or the blind mock at my Sun !
Above the Alps their arguments be piled,
They cannot make Christ's tender love-tones mute
Or quench the burning Glory I have won !

PATHS FOR GOD

BLUE sky and sunny air,
The music in the pine
Of birds and breeze, prepare
Paths smooth and fair
For feet Divine.

His ways are fair, but He
Throws such a blinding blaze
Of light on all, that we,
When He comes, see
Naught but His face !

LOOK WITHIN FOR THE CHRIST

“ M^ASTER, I see such beauty everywhere
On land and sea,
In the blue air and far above the air,
But I miss Thee ! ”

“ Son, Son, look deep within and there find Me ! ”

“ Yea, Master, but in days of old men caught
Glimpses of Thee,
Thy very shining Form, and I have sought
The same to see ! ”

“ Son, what they saw was but the shadow of Me ! ”

“ Thy shadow, Master ? But I, too, have had
Visions of Thee,
In lonely places making my heart glad
On land and sea ! ”

“ Son, look within, I say, and there find Me !

“ Not chief of many forms, but within all
The forms you see,
Men, beasts, birds, flowers, all things that rise
and fall,
In all find Me ! ”

“ Master, I turn within and here find Thee ! ”

MORN AT MIDNIGHT

'TIS blessed having Thee in this midnight,
To know by ear and touch, if not by sight,
That Love is closer than my spectral fear,
While step by step I climb the storm-swept height.

More blessed 'tis, sometimes, by the warm glow
I see around Thee (though my heart be slow)

To recognise the Face I loved long since
Ere I had left Thy Day my night to know.

My Master, lead me Home all the wild way!
Not many hours ere the black East turn grey,
And even now within my heart Thy love
Brings the great miracle of joy and Day.

If not without, within I now see Thee
And have thy Heaven the very soul of me,
So that the gloomy mountain and the night
Fade into shadows and before Thee flee.

UNVEILED

WE have wrapped around us veils of Time,
And we wear them wheresoe'er we go,
Pilgrims through the warm, love-radiant clime,
So but glimmers of love's splendour we can
know.

All is God beyond the folding veils,
But within the gloom the false self dwells,
Seeks for love, and in its seeking fails :
There are all the shining heavens, *here* the hells.

How to gain those heavens? Shall we tear
All the wrapping veils of Time away,
Naked, leap into the burning glare,
Shrivelling in the eternal flame of splendour?—
Nay!

But away from every clinging fold,
Inward to our centre let us turn :
There God's radiant Heavens we shall behold,
There in Living Love for ever shine and burn.

Every film of Time's illusion gone,
Self and death and hell passed away clean,
We shall be where all is God, and on
The Mother's throbbing Heart our unveiled
spirit lean.

THE ONE SELF

I MET my Self, glad, beautiful and free,
Yet knew not it was I,
The Self I was long since, and yet shall be
When the low self shall die :

My Higher Self, but not *my* Self alone—
Theirs was it too, and thine—
Not earthly flesh of flesh and bone of bone,
But soul of soul Divine !

Pure was my Self—that is, thy Self and theirs—
Unsullied Love and Light,
With splendours clad that only Spirit wears
To the keen spirit-sight.

I cried, “ How beautiful, how awful, this
Great Being drawing nigh ! ”
Not knowing, in the wonder of my bliss,
That what I saw was I,

Until I heard as well as felt the truth
That I and all are One,
Throughout all ages still the ageless Youth,
God's Glorious Only Son.

Before that Self Divine I ceased to be
A selfish, separate soul,
No more a tiny drop, but the vast Sea
Whose waves in music roll.

THE ONE SELF

So in the Vision's wonder I was lost,
Till I awoke once more
A mere drop on a billow, tempest-tost
Upon Time's rocky shore.

THE SPIRIT ÓF MAN

I AM older than the Earth,
Younger than this morning's dew,
Slave to neither death nor birth,
From the Heart of God I flew.

To the Heart of God I fly,
Knowing neither birth nor death,
One and myriads am I!—
Thus the human spirit saith.

TO MY SELF

(OR ANYONE'S SELF)

WHAT though sins blight
And sorrows bite!

They pass again :
Thou shalt live on
When they are gone,
Without a stain.

The form grows old,
Hot passion cold ;
Thou shalt endure.
The heart may ache,
And the heart break ;
Thy Life is sure.

Fire brings no loss
Save of all dross
And every bond.
Stript, thou shalt show
In fiercest glow
True Diamond!

In lying dreams
Black evil seems
Reality :
But Love shall break
The spell, and make
Thee glad and free.

TO MY SELF

So each dark thing
 That earth-lives bring,
 Thou, Soul, shalt foil,
 Too hard to break,
 Too firm to shake,
 Too pure to soil !

THE GATE OF HEAVEN

THE Gate of Heaven is here and everywhere.
 Look, with cleans'd eyes,
 At sunset skies ;
 God's golden door is wreathed with roses there.
 The same wide splendour sweeps in torrent through
 A frond of moss.
 God knows not loss,
 Great in the Sun, and in the wild weed, too.

THE ONE REALITY

THE only Real
Is the Ideal,
Past matter, desire or thought ;
These to an end run ;
All fades, but the One
Beside whom there is naught.

Will that is pure
And Wisdom sure
And Love without desire—
These shall live on
When all is gone
That cannot stand the Fire.

These Three shall be
In me and thee
Till separateness be past,
And all souls run
Into the One *
God-consciousness at last.

ETERNAL LIFE

WHO would have thought at break
Of our white day that noon
And afternoon and evening would take
Such living glory, unlike Moon
Or Sun or Star of all the host,
But light translucent that the inward Light
Of the indwelling Holy Ghost
Beams through upon the naked spirit-sight.

More and more it grows
Like a perennial bud
Ever becoming an eternal rose,
The flower of this day rich with all the blood
Of a yet fairer morrow,
And that still passing on and on
The beauty it doth borrow.
Our sunset is sunrise ; naught that is gone
But is not shrined and shining in what's here
With living radiance calm and clear.

All things that are
Live in each one :
A dewdrop holds a star—
Yea, all the stars, the sun
And moon,—a soul, more even,
For there dwell every man, and God and Hell and
Heaven !

TO MY BROTHERS

AH, when we were safe at Home
All was Love and all was Light !
But we passed into this night,
Fallen sons of God, who roam.

Here we wander, here we dream ;
Most of us, alas, forget
What we were and are, but yet
Burns in some the holy Gleam.

Here in bonds of Time and Space
Uttered words are poor and mean ;
Yet I tell what *I* have seen
To my brothers, face to face.

“Memory quickens, Brothers! I
See Him as I saw Him then :
In His Heart the World of men,
Round His feet the starry sky.

“What I see, my tongue must tell :
We have dwelt within His Heart,
Of His inmost Life a part—
Now descended into Hell.

“Drawn by power from above,
From our Hell we shall arise,
Round our feet the starry skies,
In our heart the Lord of Love !”

MY MASTER LOVE

THE Love that sent me here is stern
In His great Will. He bids me tell
To men on earth the truths that burn
In me with fire of heaven and hell.

For each I know and here confess
One fire it is that burns in both—
Fire that doth curse and also bless,
Love smiling tenderly, Love wroth.

Love's messenger to earth, I stand
And utter woes I learned in hell,
And then with lifted voice and hand
Love's blessing, gained in heaven, I tell.

“Inexorably stern and sweet,
My Master Love, O men!” I call:
“Heaven, hell shall pass, and all worlds meet
In His great Heart, their All in All!”

SUNRISE

WHY in your own dark shadow go,
Face to the night?
Turn from the shade, and you shall glow
With morning light!

Raise but your eyes, you shall behold
The clouds divide,
Their Earthward edges fring'd with gold
From the Heaven-side!

Still shines the Sun! Lift up your heart!
Disdain the gloom!
In the unfolding, take your part,
Of God's Dawn-bloom!

Wake, you child-god! Be what you are,
The radiant You!
No more a cloud, be a Day-star,
Yea, a Sun, too!

THE FLAME

CALM, beautiful and white,
The Flame still burns within
Each common traveller in
These miry ways of sin
Through the long, weary night.

Through tight-drawn fold on fold
The Flame will burn its way
And leap to the new Day
Rising in calm array
Of everlasting gold.

Ah, happy Flame, thy Sun
That always burns, to find!
For ever more entwined
With all thy radiant kind,
A myriad, yet One!

BEYOND THE NIGHT

I KNOW God through our human Best ;
Beyond all's dark to me,
A darkness which is but the Nest
Of Light I cannot see.

The known is wonderful and sweet,
Though but a moonlight night :—
What when the unknown Day shall beat
On the soul's naked sight !

Veil after veil in twain is rent,
Power after power is given
Till Human and Divine are blent
In Love's Eternal Heaven.

THE DOOR

A DOOR was opened and I saw—
So near, I felt its cooling wind—
The world where Love's the only law,
A law against which none has sinned.

I saw its men and women, fair
As happy children or as flowers :
I saw their thoughts shine in the air
And build them homes of radiant bowers.

I saw their love in their own form
Shining with rosy beauty.—But
From outer dark came a wild storm :
The door, with noisy fury, shut.

SHADOWS

CAN there be anything more fair
Than these unfolding roses are,
More fragrant than this Summer air,
More radiant than yon evening star,

More lovely than a child's bright face
Looking at us with eyes love-lit?—
Yea, That at back of Time and Space,
For things are but the shadow of It!

Our eyes see not the real rose,
For these are not our real eyes :
Behind the star and child-face glows
More beauty than our brains surmise.

But when from self-hood we step back
Into the great Reality
We find that self a shadow black,
And shadows all the things we see.

The loveliest shadow here is thrown
By that which lovelier is and bright
With dancing splendour not its own
Poured on it from the Inmost Light.

MY TWO HOMES

MY body is no prison cell,
For I am free to soar or sink
In heights and depths of thoughts I think,
Or dreams I dream of heaven or hell.

The door is ever on the latch,
And when I will I slip away :
There is no guard to make me stay,
No hound the fleeing soul to catch.

Then why not ever soar and roam ?
Ah ! such a babe I am as yet,
My glorious powers I forget,
And childish terrors drive me home.

I snuggle down in the old nest,
And revel in the commonplace,
The vertigo of boundless space
Passing in trivial toils and rest.

Maybe when I am wise and pure,
I shall not linger 'neath the sky,
But make my Home in God, and fly
Into His Love Flame, and endure.

BEYOND THE BARS

I F outside there are flowers and stars
And nightingales and lovely friends,
What is within? Between the bars
That baffle thought, Love's Beauty sends
To our poor love a growing beam
That blinds us, till we sleep and dream.

Then out of our dark world we creep
(Where there are only stars and flowers
And birds and friends who smile and weep,
To find that that world fashions ours :
Mere shadows, friends, birds, blooms and stars
Of Love-lit ones within the bars.

Ah! there our real friends we meet
And the true light and music know
And live as gods. And so 'tis sweet
To leave this world and, dreaming, go
Beyond the bars that baffle thought
To find and be the Love we sought.

AT THE HEART OF THINGS

A SLEEP, or nigh awake
Within the heart of things
(So my own heart sings)
Dwells love enough to make
The beauty of a thousand Springs.

Gross clay or crumbled stone
Shall bloom, a cowslip cluster,
Or float, a snowy muster
Of gulls, for there Love's Throne
Is set with ever-burning lustre.

Asleep? O heart, how blind,
How deaf! Place thy dull ear
Close to the ground, and hear
Love busy! Look, and find
Love's beauty pierce thee like a spear!

Nearer the heart of things
Seek still for Love; and under
The outside storm and thunder
Hear the calm Voice that sings,
Telling abroad the inward wonder!

HE AND I

WHILE I lay last night awake
Thus unto my heart He spake :—

Thou wast with Me when was sown
The Seed from which the worlds have grown.

Thou art with Me at this hour
While I open the wild flower.

In the splendour of the Sun
Thou and I, Belov'd, are one.

Thou and I together rest
In this little child's pure breast.

O'er the wild and moon-lit sea
Thou to-night shalt walk with Me.

Thou with Me shalt ride and fly
On a storm-cloud through the sky.

Thou and I the stars shall reap
And put the Universe asleep.

Thus from Heaven the music dropped
All night, nor yet with morning stopped.

IDENTITY

A DREAM fell around my feet,
Companioning me to-day,
While on my lonely way
I wandered with musing sweet—

A Dream beside which gold,
All power and knowledge fade,
And Earth's best things are made
To seem outworn and old—

A Dream more true than fact,
More real than any sight,
More radiant than the light,
For of Love 'twas all compact.

I stooped and gathered a flower,
A daisy, and then from its gleam
Was shaped the wondrous Dream
For a moment—or was it an hour?

That daisy-bloom I became
And smiled up at the sky ;
Then the great Sun was I
Clad with a tumult of flame.

I was the rock frost-split ;
Then one of a clustered heap
Of wintering snails asleep
In a crevice under it.

I was a gull a-sail
On the all-embracing air,
With the grey clouds drifting there
And the frozen sleet and hail.

And then I became, by turns,
In many a time and place,
Every soul of the Human Race
In whom God lives and burns.

I was a child in the mire,
A girl on the city street,
A woman consumed by the heat
Of the hell of the sweater's fire—

The sweater himself, and the rake,
The wage-slave and his boss,
The thief and the Christ on the Cross—
Both slain for Humanity's sake—

The convict and also his guard,
The saint with his aureole,
The undaunted hero-soul,
The patriot and the bard.

And anon my spirit became
The fragrance that ever flows
From Humanity's perfected Rose
On the Bosom of God aflame.

Then awhile I was changed to the soul
Of the round Earth a-spin,
The Space it was whirling in
With the Planets, and then the whole

IDENTITY

Of the Heavens, million-orb'd,
 Knowing nor centre nor rim.
 I became both It and Him,
 In the All-One absorbed

For a moment—or was it an hour?—
 Till I passed from my Dream and found
 I was pacing the stony ground
 In my hand a daisy-flower.

THE FLOWERS' PASSING

WHERE are the flowers of Spring—the gorse
 than gold
 More golden, and the snowdrop-bloom more white
 Than silver unalloyed, primroses, right
 Ethereal beauty set in common mould,
 Blue hyacinths that in their bosoms hold
 All heaven, and gleaming buttercups that light
 Meadows, as stars the chilly fields of night
 Scanned by the shepherd on the windy wold?
 Where are they, for they have not ceased to be?
 Have not their souls, with all their sweetness rife,
 Passed into flower-like natures that agree
 In the same way to show forth the Divine—
 Passed, spirit, into spirit—into thine—
 To bloom afresh in lovely thought and life?

A DAISY DREAMING

SOME of the daisies are asleep,
Some through their rose-tipt lashes peep
As I go by,
And one, the weariest of the crowd,
Moves in her sleep and dreams aloud,
A tear on her shut eye.

So down I bend and softly kiss
The troubled dreamer—"Dost thou miss
The light's warm love?
Hush thee, Daisy, hush thy sorrow!
Thou shalt see the Sun to-morrow
Shining full above."

WILD ROSE

WILD ROSE, thou art
 Pink petals five
And a deep, golden heart
 Of brooding silence, holy and alive—

A fragrant word,
 A love-breath sweet
Forth from the inmost Third
 Heaven where the Living Mother hath her seat!

As fair a bloom,
 As pure a shrine,
Sweet with as rich perfume,
 O little child, that wild-rose heart of thine!

· LOVE'S DOMAIN

WERE you ever where the flowers
Spring from,—where they bloom
While on earth are Wintry hours?
From the glory of Love's garden-bowers
Flashing to our gloom,
Every ray becomes a cup or star
In these homely woods and fields of ours,
Beauty native of a land afar.

Were you ever where the thrushes
Learn their music, where
Always wells and leaps and gushes
From a fountain fring'd with sighing rushes,
Joy into the air?
Every splashing drop becomes a song
Entering this world from the burgeoning bushes
When the days are growing sweet and long.

Did your freed soul ever wander
Into Love's Domain?—
Back returned, you dream and ponder,
Ever of His flowers and music fonder,
Sick to go again
By any gate of sleep or happy death,
Down the alleys of the roses yonder,
There to hear what Love the Master saith.

A WILD FLOWER AND I

BUT one of all thy friends am I,
I dare not think thou carest much
For one so strange ; a butterfly,
A bee, a wandering wind, may touch
Thy fragrant lips and share the bliss •
My too self-conscious feelings miss.

Too clever in my own conceits,
I all but lose the wondrous things
That thou would'st share with me, the sweets
Thou giv'st thy friends who come on wings,
Spurning the ground whereon I creep
With soul and body half asleep.

Revealed to butterflies and bees
And all Love's simple babes, but hid
From such as me thy mysteries,
Unless the god within me rid
Himself of all the veils of sense
And flash forth from the Light intense.

Then flowers, stars and souls shall be
All one white splendour to my eye,
And tones of love-fused harmony
Unto my ear, while they and I
Shall pass, with sin and fear and pain,
And naught but the One God remain.

THE SOUL'S SPRINGTIME

CAN I be dumb while all the world doth sing?
Or cold and bare when earth's ablaze with
bloom?

Or lie self-slain, corrupting in my tomb,
While other dead have risen on sun-kissed wing?
Must I abide in Winter while Love's Spring
Walks the bud-scented woods, making a gloom,
Tender and warm, of leafy boughs, in room
Of the drear shade that gathering storm-clouds
bring?

I, dumb and cold and dead, while Love is here!

Nay! but I feel His fragrant April breath
Melting my frozen life; I feel a thrill

Of quickening power within! No longer Death
Can hold me, and the Love that casts out fear
Sweeps, a triumphant tide, through heart and will!

THE EARTH'S GRASS-DREAM

I LIE half buried in a feathery mass
Of grasses, silver-grey and mauve, that sigh
Their secrets to the breezes sauntering by,
Secrets I overhear and on would pass,
If words spoiled not the beauteous truth, alas!
They tell of Love and lovely things that lie
Asleep in the world's heart, but very nigh
To waking in her dreaming of the grass.
What wonder on the old Earth when they wake!
What laughing colour, and what radiant blooms!
What wealthy fragrance, and what grace of plumes!
Often I hear the inward Splendour move,
That then, like fire, from the dark ground shall
break .
While Earth swims softly into Heavens of Love!

THE FIELD OF ARDATH

(2 *Esdras* ix. 24-26)

LOVE'S Angel bade me, "Go into a field
Of spicy bloom, God's sunny Garden, there
Eat only flowers: blood in earth or air
Or sea shed not, and while the rock-springs yield
Refreshment pure, no wine-flask be unsealed.
Then give thyself unceasing unto prayer,
While I with thee my joy and life will share,
Conversing with thee, and thou shalt be healed."
So to a flowery place I went straightway,
A field called Ardath, where I dwelt, and sighed
My soul to Paradise, till one June day
Among my lilies shone that Angel's feet,
While his hand gave me fruits of Life to eat,
Till I was inly healed and satisfied.

LEAD FLOWER-LIKE LIVES

“ I N all his glory Solomon was not clad
Like one of these field-lilies.”—So said He
Whose sandals pressed the grass of Galilee
One long-ago Spring-tide. The King was sad
Beneath his gorgeous, borrowed robes, but glad
The flower’s heart, and from its inward glee
Fashions its own bright, outward finery,
Being more splendour than kings ever *had*.
The beauty that is toiled not for nor spun
With anxious thought from gathered filaments,
But from within the heart unfolds, being one
With life itself, Christ told us might be ours,
And throw its glory over all events,
Were we as sweetly wise as meadow flowers.

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THE NEAR WAY

WHICH way, Soul, goest thou?
By daisy or by star,
Moon-silvered mountain-brow?—
The paths so many are!
But leave them now untrod and find
A nearer way within the mind.

Turn inward! Ah, at first
How dark! What loneliness!
But soon a light will burst
And flood the dim recess:
Fair shines the Land before thy face,
For thou art in thy native place.

STARS AND CLOUDS

STARS shine and clouds gloom,
And in the broad sky there is room
For many a shade and many a light
Till day succeed the night.

And though the clouds hide every star,
And all is near and nothing far,
And Earth's a cell and air a bond,
Yet still there's Love beyond.

Clouds gloom, but stars shine,
And Heaven with Earth doth still entwine,
And all below, around, above
Shall pass, but Light and Love!

MIRACLES

BLACK earth gives birth to flowers,
And they beget thoughts sweet ;
These burn and turn to powers
That wing the tired soul's feet ;
So from the sod I rise to God
In whom all beauties meet.

I found the ground all wonder,
And God all Love I find :
E'en mould brings gold from under,
But fairer blooms the mind ;
Our hard earth-toil makes fertile soil
For flowers that scent Heaven's wind.

THE SONG OF A CHILD

AS I go through this lonesome land
Gripped is my hand by Love's strong hand,
Into my eyes look Love's calm eyes,
Unto my longing heart Love cries,—
 “ How can I let thee wander here
 Alone in this wilderness of fear?
 Lo! I am with thee all the way
 Through the Land of Night to the Land of Day.”

So I sing as I journey across the Wild,
Hand in hand with Love, the song of a child,
A child whose eyes see Eyes that shine
Right into his heart,—this song of mine,—
 “ 'Tis the Land of Day I'm travelling through,
 The darkness is past, the sky is blue!
 Hand, eyes and heart, where'er I roam,
 Tell me all the time I am home, home, home!”

“A HAND FOR SAFETY BUT A FACE
FOR JOY”

WITH little hand safe folded in the grip
Of warm, strong fingers, and with eyes up-
turned

To those of Love, the little child has learned
The lesson grown-up children scorn, and slip
In miry ways at night. So, sweet one, skip
At Father's side, all perils undiscerned,
And sing with such a joy as never burned
Save in a soul sure of her daughtership!
Why should we old ones be so slow of heart
To realise what every girl and boy
Knows, being Love-taught? Let us grip the hand
God reaches us, living the child's sweet part,
And, seeing His Face, love till we understand
His strong Hand's safety and His Face's joy.

SOME OF HIS WAYS

HE, the true Lover, comes to me
By many ways,—on the wild sea,
Over the hill-side grass a-flower,
Down from the stars at midnight hour ;
In June I see Him rising up
From every golden meadow-cup,
And in December hear and know
His noiseless footsteps in the snow.

REVEALED UNTO BABES

LET wordy theologians discuss
Their abstruse theories and doctrines harsh
That lead to an inextricable marsh
From which they croak with very frog-like fuss!
What, in the mother's face bent over us
When we were babes, awoke our infant thought?
Effulgent Love! And when pure hearts have
sought
To look on God they have beheld Him thus.
But if, in fondness for some theory
Or dovetailed system, we invade the skies,
Foot-rule in hand, to make the Heavens agree
With our poor thinkings, God with pitying eyes
Looks at us from the cloud and says—"Of Me
The simple babe knows more than all the wise."

FROM HAND TO HEART

THRUST from Thy Heart into Thy Hand
And held a long way from Thy Face,
Sad prisoners in Time and Space,
We hunger for our native land.

Within Thy Hands are whirling suns,
Mountains and seas and grains of sand,
And with them in Thy strong right Hand
Are we, Thy thrust-out little ones.

Held in the net of nerve and brain,
No longer keep us far from Thee!
Call every star and hill and sea
And turn all back to Love again!

Thy children call, no more to roam,
With whirling suns, in these far lands!
The starry heavens are in Thy Hands,
Within Thy Heart are Love and Home.

DREAM PALACES

THE things I dream are fairer far
Than those I see awake ;
Therefore they shall be—therefore *are*
More real than Sun or Moon or Star,
For I Love's Beauty take
And, out of that rich quarry, build
My shining palaces ;
While glory from His glance is spilled
More than enough my towers to gild
And prove their splendour His.

THE KEYS

MAN'S Mind alone can forge the key
For every lock that bars
His flight to the high stars
Until he dare be free.

How wistfully, when nights are clear,
His eyes seek the Beyond !
But he is held in bond
By self-distrust and fear.

The cunning lock his own mind wrought,
The bars are forged of doubt,
Fear walls him roundabout,
His prison is his thought.

What thought has made, thought can unmake ;
Locksmiths can fashion keys ;
And but to dream of these
Thrills like a great earthquake.

The prison trembles in his dream,
But when by Love's red coal
The keys are forged, the soul
Breaks bonds that only seem.

Prisoner no more in Time and Space,
Love's starry ways all trod,
Man finds himself with God
At home, and face to face.

HOME-SICK

O THE weight of things !
We lie so far
From our Home Star,
And weary are our wings !

Matter, fold on fold,
Presses us round ;
And we are bound
With chains of iron and gold.

Ah, we are home-sick !
We feel the draw
Of our true Law
And tremble to the quick.

Whose hand was it thrust
And downward hurled
Us to this world
To learn of slime and dust ?

God sent us to Earth's school,
From splendour fresh
Into the flesh—
Perchance to play the fool !

That we might at length
Of our free will
Quit every ill
For Truth and Love and Strength !

All our lessons learned,
Our follies o'er
Homeward we soar
Where our true life first burned.

CONSUMING FIRE

THE white-hot Love-Fire at the heart of all
Burns in the great and in the small
And in me glows.
Unfallen snows
Are not so pure, nor is the Sun
A thousandth part as hot,
Yet I am not
Burned and eternally undone :
The ill in me, so black beside such snow,
Is all that is consumed in Love's fierce glow.

Burn yet more hotly, O immaculate Flame,
Till what endures shall glow the same
Fire as Thy radiant self! So let there be
The ever-living Love instead of me!

“AWAKE, THOU THAT SLEEPEST!”

MANY are His voices, not alone
Without thee but within.
There are mighty winds that roar and moan
Through thee, and happy din
Of birds, and worlds that spin
With music round thy centre—all unknown.

Let thine inner ears be open wide
To gather all He saith,
While His waves sweep through thee with a tide
O'erwhelming fear and death,
Or while His gentlest breath
Of silence sings to thee, His happy Bride.

In thy spirit sleeps Eternity,
And all Love's Universe :
Music and all Beauty dream in thee ;
Thou only canst disperse
Their slumber, and the curse
Lift, and henceforth live jubilant and free.

Wake, and for thee *they* shall leap awake :
Life's narrow prison-cell
With the thunders of His Voice shall shake
And pass, with every hell :
Love's flooding tidal-swell
Shall over sunken Time, with rapture, break.

WAKE ME!

WAKE me, O Spirit, wake me from this sleep
In which I vainly walk
And work and weep and talk,
Quick on the surface, torpid in the deep!

Wake me, and all this world's brave show will pass
From my true spirit-eyes,
As, when she moveth, flies
Beauty's fair image from the polished glass!

For I have been awake before, and know
In part what I shall see
When the great Light visits me
Out of the living East, with feet that glow.

The moonbeams silvered all before my eyes
When in the night I woke,
Before the true Day broke,
Pouring on Earth the treasure of the skies.

But wake me now, while it is early Day,
And all my silver turn
To gold; and let me burn
With the same fires as Thy bright heaven's array!

I want to live, not merely dream, to live
In Life's exuberant Heart:
Love, wake me and impart
Thy splendour to me—nay, Thine own Self give!

ENTRANCED

ONCE more upon the cliff-face, snugly set
In my green Summer-nest of other years,
I bask in God's warm love-shine and forget
My faded doubts and fears.

Faded and, with the Winter, passed away
All that would rob me of my joy, and chill
My heart ; but shining cheerily to-day
The sunbeams of good-will,—

Shining upon the ocean's heaving breast,
Making a golden glory of the air,
And rousing in my stirring soul a zest
Of life as sweet as rare !

The skylark sings lost in the dazzling Blue,
The chuckling sea-gull glides upon the breeze,
And I, to meet with God, my Lover True,
Fly past the skies and seas.

I meet Him there, beyond the horizon's round,
Above the soaring skylark's fluttering wings,
For true love by no law is ever bound
And widest freedom brings.

Yet all the while, upon the cliff-face set,
I watch the sunbeams on the waters dance,
And every dark and chilling thought forget
In self-ignoring trance.

Mindless of hurrying Time and spinning Earth,
Careless as gulls upon the billows wild,
I catch my Lover's smile, and in my mirth
Laugh like a mothered child.

ACROSS THE SEA

A LONG way off, across the sea
A rain-cloud hides the other strand.
We know it's there from memory :
Ah, we remember our Homeland !

We walked its cliffs but yesterday,
And saw the shining hills behind,
And though the vision could not stay
It left its picture on our mind.

Though 'twixt us and True Life the cloud
Of false life glooms, our hearts within
Glow Love's high hills, and we are proud
Of our great Home and origin.

VEIL UPON VEIL

A GLISTENING sea-fog piles its wisps between
This sunny hill and sunny hills afar.
I cannot see it now, but O, how green
That hidden land is, for my eyes have seen
Its fields and woods, and know how fair they are!

I wait until the white sea-mist shall fade
And let me view the country over there,
Those solid hills now hidden and arrayed
From head to foot in shining garments made
Of stuff whose web is sea, whose woof is air.

And when the shining veil is rent in twain
And my old friends the hills shall signal me
By smiles across the water, then again
I'll wait and wait with hope that stabs like pain
For an unveiling fuller yet to be.

The fields, the hills, the sea, the solid ground
Shall melt and pass, maybe this very day—
Such wonder-days are ever coming round—
And then the real Splendour shall be found,
The Beauty that can never fade away.
Hark! trembling, I wait, hearing a strange sound:
Look! the great Curtain now begins to sway.

VEILS

WHEN thought begins to fail
I see, in blessèd trance,
The sunshine as a veil
Upon God's countenance.
While day-beams cheer the outer sight
The Spirit dwells in Living Light.

God in the Sun doth hide ;
Man in an earthly frame :
But That which dwells inside
Each form is still the same.
The souls, descended, shall ascend,
And in the One the Many end.

THE SEA BEYOND THE MIST

I KNOW the fog-bank has another side,
Sun-lit, for I have been there in my sleep,
And oft in the broad day my soul will leap
And half—yea, wholly quit the flesh, and glide
Into that Sea of Life, upon the Tide
Receding grandly to the Eternal Deep:
Now Ocean's languid pulse, alas, is neap
And chilling mists the radiant Wonder hide!
Last night I dreamed again my Moon and Sun
Together drew that glad tumultuous Sea
Towards them in a blissful tidal wave,
Whose eager waters soon began to lave
My sense-bound soul that, struggling to be free,
Broke every bond and Love's great Splendour won.

HEART TO HEART

THE sap knows when to rise,
The leaf-buds to unseal,
Daisies to ope their eyes
And their pure hearts reveal.

The sea knows when to swell,
The driven clouds to glow,
And wheeling suns the spell
Of Love's Commandment know.

God hears the call of God
In these warm April hours,
And what was once a clod
Becomes a crown of flowers.

So God beyond, above,
And God within, below,
Being One in life and love,
Into each other flow.

CROSSING THE ALPS

WE dwell upon the Northern slope
Of the cold Alps of Death ;
So our South wind—our love and hope—
Is oft an icy breath.

Soon we shall pass the dazzling snows
Into Love's Garden warm
Where bloom his white and crimson Rose
Unshattered by Death's storm.

MINE

I N this my evening hour
My heart knows more of joy
Than in my noon of power
Or e'en when, as a boy,
Unopened dreamed life's flower.

Of late my world has grown
In size and loveliness,
For now I claim my own
All that God gives, no less
The unknown than the known.

Flowers of the Land of Light
And daisies of the Earth,
Spiritual beings bright
Ere they have known their birth
Into this moon-lit night,—

Angelic souls let out
Of prison by sweet Death,
And those still walled about
By brain and blood and breath
And bound by fear and doubt.

To teach me and to guide
Mine are the friends above ;
Those who on Earth abide
Are mine to help and love
Till every bond's untied.

OVERCOMING

OUT of the Lake of Fire

Wherein are plunged the coward and the liar
All who abominable are,
There rises, crown'd with a bright star,
The Mount exceeding great and high
On which, descended from the Sky,
The New Jerusalem has come to stay.
Its gates are open night and day ;
The many paths lead each to a Gate of Pearl.
And ever out of the fiery swirl
Battles some desperate soul, and to the shore
Crawls dripping, all but dead, yet evermore
Alive, one who has overcome, and in due time
The Mountain great and steep will climb
And be a citizen enrolled
Where evermore he shall have gold
And all things sordid underneath his feet,
But o'er him and around Light pure and sweet.

SOMNAMBULISTS

BLIND to bird and leaf and bud,
Deaf to the voices of wind and flood,
Choked with dust or bespattered with mud,
Men walk in their sleep the beaten track.

Green hills cry "Come!" but they hear it not,
The pearliest cloud to them's but a blot,
Their world is themselves, their own little spot,
And bluest heavens to them are black.

But eyes are opening here and there,
And earthly ears heaven's music share,
While hearts are throbbing everywhere
With hope, yet oft unknowing why.

Gently doth the Mother shake
Her trancèd children full awake ;
Then they the miry road forsake
For green hills and the windy sky.

GOD'S POEM

HOW tell in song the wonder of this hour?
How prison in Time's poor cell Eternity?
How show the beauty even of a flower?

Vain, more than vain, to fold the sky and sea
And pack them in a verse's narrow bound,
Or to compress the multitudinous sound
Of wave and wind, filling the hollow round
Of heaven, into mere organ-harmony!
For how, with man's weak utterance, tell God's
Power?

Outside the intense Splendour I am dumb :
But in a moment I may sink within
The Eternal Power and Beauty, and become
Its very heart, while That may flow and win
My inmost depths and fill my very soul.
All becomes me, and I become the Whole ;
I shine and gloom, I bloom, I sound and roll,
Fall in the rain and with the Planet spin :
The Universe, within me, finds its home.

So interfused, need there will be no more
For human words to say what Beauty dwells
In sunsets, or what Music on the shore
Thunders and dies in calm ; but from deep wells

Within the undivided Soul will rise
The mightier, lovelier Life that never dies,
Making both Man and Nature good and wise.

The Poem which for that high Marriage swells
God sings, Love-radiant, from Life's burning core.

A SWORD FOR GOD

“A SWORD for Me!” God spoke.
I, in untempered pride,
Said, “Take me in Thy hand,
Drive evil from Thy land!”
But in His hand I broke
And I am flung aside.

He raised me, and the stroke
Fell, but on tough steel tried
In age-long war, so I,
Shivering, in twain did fly :
In His strong hand I broke
And I am flung aside.

Beneath the battle smoke,
Rusting, ashamed I hide
In the red mud, below
The feet of friend and foe,
For in His hand I broke
And I am flung aside.

But a glad thought hath woke
My heart where I abide :
God can forge me anew
Into blade strong and true,
Though in His hand I broke
And have been flung aside.

ORPHEUS

AH, where is Orpheus hidden now?
To what far country hath he fled?
Go, seek th'immortal Lyrist, thou,
Though rumour whispereth he is dead!
They say, of grief he died of yore,
His latest song a wail of woe,
And we shall hear him nevermore,—
 Whilst men must fall
 And wallow all
As swine on some old temple floor.
But while God lives I answer, No!

But where is Orpheus with his lyre?
Methought upon the hills I heard
Soft murmurings of its silvern wire:—
 'Twas but the breeze my fancy stirred.
I listened on the ocean-shore,
I heard waves thunder, vast winds blow;
But rose a wild voice through the roar,
 “Orpheus is dead,
 His music fled,
And man is fallen evermore!”
But while God lives I answer, No!

Orpheus, come! Come to us again,
And bring the lyre Apollo gave
To drive the brute-fiend out of men,
To humanise the world and save!

ORPHEUS

We hear no music of the spheres,
The angels' songs to legends grow,—
Faint echoings of vanished years.
Men say they think
The drachma's chink
The one fit chime for mortal ears :
But while God lives I answer, No !

TO MY POET

OFT hast thou me beguiled
From self, with music wild,
Dear Shelley, spirit-child!

Listening, my heart grows hot
And my brain cool, my lot
As though its grief were not.

Wing-borne, I go with thee
Across Night's dreaming sea
With moon-lit clouds to be,—

Or on some icy peak
I hear deep thunders speak
And lone winds wail and shriek,—

Or, in Morn's blue abyss,
I share the skylark's bliss,
Its song's still-soaring kiss,—

Or, in the Infinite
Of purest Love, I sight
God's inmost Throne of Light!

Thus with thee may I go,
Thy little brother, so
Our Mother's Heart to know

THE WONDROUS THING

A WONDROUS Thing
Will happen soon,
But I know not
Where, when or what—
In whirr of wing,
Glance of the Moon,
Or glint of Sea,
Stealing on me
From somewhere, past
The stars, at last!

I keep awake
For that Thing's sake,
Lest while I sleep
Near it may creep,
And this same day
Pass on its way.

From God's pure Light,
Ah, wondrous Thing,
Flash into sight
On golden wing!
The silence break
And the heavens make
With music ring!

Or but be born,
This happy morn,
Within my heart
The God Thou art,
And then let me
Die into Thee!

SIX WINGS

I HAVE wings of Thought
And of Desire,
But those of Love
Have lifted me above
Myself, and brought
The Bird of Heaven to her Nest of Living Fire.

Thought's wings alone
Had failed me ; I
Fell to the Earth
That gave me bodily birth,
Like a dull stone
When I essayed by them to reach the beckoning
sky.

Wings of Desire,
A-thrill with strength,
Though past each star
Bearing the Soul-bird far,
In the night tire
And fail and flutter down to the hard Earth at
length.

But Love's wings twain,
Strong when Desire
And Thought faint, mount
T'wards the One Heart and Fount,
Until they gain,
And plunge the blissful Soul into the Living Fire.

Mine are six wings,
Not all for flight
Unto my Lover,
But head and feet to cover,
While the Soul sings
"Holy!" Love-borne unto the Ever-burning
Light.

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